

THE MONTANA NEWS.

ISSUED WEEKLY.

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Eugene V. Debs Ben Hanford

So Heinze is out for governor. We wish Rockefeller had taken the nomination of the democratic-republican capitalist party for president. But they will be wedded pretty soon.

Secretary of the Treasury Shaw had a lot to say about the Spanish reconcentrados in Cuba but nothing about his own dear capitalist bull pen in America. Reconcentrados is Spanish for bull pen. Rockefeller is the American Weyer. General Bell of Colorado and all other military alics are only Rockefeller agents.

W. W. Welch and J. K. Smith, of Helena, who pose as labor leaders, have called a meeting of all those who wish to follow them to consider ways and means. "Ways and means" means just what can be done to advance the interests of the "labor leader." One man wants office and another wants something else, and they need the support of the wage slave to attain their purpose.

The United Garment Workers of America must enjoy the foul smelling confines of the sweatshop. They voted at their convention in Buffalo against a resolution committing their organization to a remedy for their ills. They need a few more reductions in pay, a few more hours of labor and less to eat, then perhaps they will again oppose a change in their condition.

The people of Ravalli county, Montana, voted under the local option law to dispense with liquor selling, but liquor is being sold by "blind pigs," and those who wish to get drunk can be accommodated. Prohibition under our present system doesn't prohibit and never can. The only way prohibition will prohibit is to knock out the profit in the selling of liquor and this can be done only by Socialism.

J. H. Walsh, Socialist candidate for congress, held forth at Winston, Montana, on Saturday night, August 27. The Miners' Union hall was well filled and Socialism was pumped into the minds of the people present in good shape. Another rousing meeting is to be held in Winston during September, when the farmers will attend. A strong local will then be organized and Socialist propaganda pushed.

Socialist Maury of Butte calls attention to the unconstitutionality of the planks in the Fergus county and Lewis and Clarke county platforms which pledge the nominees for county offices to pay their salaries into the Socialist propaganda fund and to accept for their services the average wage received by their respective crafts. We know such a provision is unconstitutional, Comrade, but it is Socialism and we are advocating Socialism. It is a part of the "tactics" of Socialism to educate and this plank is inserted for the purpose of education.

Ten dollars loaned at this time to the Press Fund is \$1,000 loaned to humanity. Come forward with your loans, comrades. Proper machinery for the production of a newspaper saves much more than the cost of the machinery. We are now paying out more for printing than will pay for that machinery. We can add to the size and improve the appearance of the News with our own machinery. Come on, Comrades, with your money. We want that press. The Socialist cause demands that press. Without that press the cause of Socialism suffers and Socialists should not stand by gazing at the sufferings of a cause which is vital to them and to humanity.

In Pomona, Cal., a good, holy, church home of the capitalist, where the "Sabbath" is kept intact, whistling is prohibited. In this delightfully proper place Comrade Ernest Walter entered with his van to utter words of hope and comfort to the benighted inhabitants, but the good church people formed into a howling mob and smashed the van and did violence to Walter. A good member of the church remarked that the "van was covered with Bible quotations and Walter deserved all he got and more." Yet these churches claim to represent the Lowly Nazarene. How the churches do crucify Christ!

Will the democrats and republicans of Fergus county be compelled to fuse to beat the Socialists? It looks like it. But can a fusion win even then? It is doubtful. Last spring, in the Lewistown city election, the two old parties fused for fear of Socialist supremacy. This year the two old hulks will meet on the same day and hour and what is more natural than that they should be lashed together, like a catamaran to prevent sinking separately. As they are alike in what they term "principles" and tactics, as they draw their supply of "fat" from the same barrel, it is perfectly meet and reasonable that they merge into one. Unlike the Socialists, the old parties' entire stock in trade is "tactics;" by tactics we mean anything to win power. When the old parties cannot divide the opposition into labor, populist, social-labor, prohibition, and thereby win, they com-

Socialist National and State Ticket

For President—
Eugene V. Debs of Indiana.

For Vice President—
Ben Hanford of New York

For Presidential Electors—
W. N. Holden, of Silver Bow.
J. F. Mabie, of Park.
Joseph Hoar, of Silver Bow.

For Governor—
Malcomb G. O'Mally, Silver Bow.

For Lieutenant Governor—
John W. Frinke, of Deer Lodge.

For Congressman—
J. H. Walsh, of Fergus.

For Chief Justice of Supreme Court—
C. M. Parr, of Silver Bow.

For Clerk of Supreme Court—
John Peters, of Carbon.

For Secretary of State—
Henry Lynch, of Fergus.

For State Treasurer—
Erik Olson, of Cascade.

For State Auditor—
W. C. Phelps, of Lewis & Clarke.

For Attorney General—
E. O. Jackson, of Silver Bow.

For State Superintendent of Public Instruction—
Mrs. R. Anna German, of Silver Bow.



bine their forces. This is what the Socialist party or movement wishes. We want a united opposition; we want to win only by majorities not by pluralities and we want no one but conscious Socialists to vote the Socialist ticket. What votes the old parties cannot get by promises and coercion they get by purchase, anything to win, the "end justifies the means," and the end is "power." The old parties are nothing but the agents of capitalism and capitalism perpetuates itself through politics. That is why capitalism objects to unions going into politics.

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY SHAW IN HELENA.

We attended the much heralded meeting at the Helena Auditorium Wednesday evening, August 24, to see and hear the man who handles the people's money, the friend of the national bankers of America.

We saw and heard just what we expected, no more, no less. T. H. Carter began the performance by spraying a thin film of ooze over the audience. He stated that political microbes were doing great damage to his orchard, threatening his entire crop of pie fruit. With this we of course agreed. Shaw then stood up and delivered himself of a joblot of puns and stories, prepared at a cabinet meeting called especially for the purpose. These the wives and daughters of the federal officeholders present enjoyed just as though they were right off the griddle. But when he essayed to tell the difference between democracy and republicanism, as we see it exposed to view, it resembled a two-ring circus with duplicate jugglers manipulating glass balls filled with hogwash of similar hue and (in)consistency; to whichever ring one looked there was the same performance, the same old lie-worn fallacies, both composed of wages to the producer and profit, rent and interest to Shaw, Carter & Co.

Shaw said that those who labored for wages were producers almost as much as were the men who employed them or those who consumed their products by traveling to Europe and making war between the Japs and Russians. Then Shaw, the friend of the national bankers, by a gentle wave of his delicate, refined hand, dismissed the subject as settled. The lawyers, insurance agents, preachers, national bankers, pawn brokers, mortgage fiends, railway agents and detectives, land hogs and corporation managers who sat upon the stage applauded and nodded their 63-4 heads with soul awakening gusto, just as if they possessed a full and complete comprehension of the performance. There were no wage slaves on the stage to breathe in harmony with that great man with whiskers excepting the musicians, whose melodies were redolent with the union label.

Shaw said something to the effect that "any democrat" who wished to dispute his statements would be given three seconds at that time or all night at Tom Carter's house to try it on, but no democrat was equal to the occasion, they having long been convinced that there is no difference between the two parties. Shaw didn't ask "any Socialist" to give him a whirl. The crowd being short on enthusiasm, Shaw came the "revival" shell game on them and asked the audience to stand and sing "America." "America" is to be substituted for the "fool dinner pail" which Hanna used so skillfully in 1900, instead of totting dinner pails in republican processions hereafter the wage slaves will sing "America;" to be sure, air is not so heavy as tin and it costs Rockefeller and Heinze much less. We intended to ask Carter and Shaw to tell us all about that big dinner given by them, in St. Louis, to that intimate friend of theirs, the Honorable Czar Augustus Peabody, governor of Colorado, who was hatched in the same nest with Cleveland and Steunenburg, both the tried and true friends of the wage slave, but it would have been a great shame to spring such a killer on them in the presence of so many wage earners as the band.

As a whole the performance, from a Socialist standpoint, was a success. No element was wanting to make it the greatest gun fired in the Socialist campaign this year.

Wage slaves, Peabody will now lead in the good old song we all know so well; it is up to you to stand and sing and sing damned hard; you will now sing "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing."

HOW BOSTON VIEWS THE HEINZE-AMALGAMATED DEAL.

The following was clipped from the Boston Financial News of August 17, 1904:

"Stockholders in the Amalgamated Copper Co. certainly have a right to look for an increase in the next quarterly dividend, for the treasury of the company has received an extra dividend from Boston & Montana and now Parrot comes along with 50 cents a share after being off the dividend list for a couple of years.

"The fact that the company is getting rid of its Montana newspapers and that the rumors of a settlement with Heinze are more emphatic than in many months are also encouraging to the bulls on Amalgamated, of whom the street is full just now.

Yet Heinze is making a bluff that would make a dead possum smile were it not that he proposes to tie the people, hands and feet, and deliver them to the Amalgamated shambles to be trimmed and shackled as slaves for all time. Cannot the people see their danger? The Boston report confirms the views at this end of the line. The Record is on the republican auction block now; Tom Carter has been squirting ooze on those whiskers of his for these several months trying to save his thieving political hide. He knows of the Heinze-Amalgamated deal and that this is his last chance; that if the Record shuts up shop he is weakened, hence the side-stepping of this political mountebank—a creature which thrives only in an atmosphere such as necessarily surrounds Heinze and Rockefeller. Heinze has corralled a brilliant assortment of labor fakirs and injected a few creased pants into the labor field for the purpose of handling the gulls, and it is an even gamble he will succeed with the leaders and in their conventions, but indications are that the entire labor vote of the state will swing to Debs and the entire Socialist ticket. Get into line, you laboring slaves, and throw off the collars that are strangling you. Ask yourselves "why am I not getting all I produce?" "I am producing \$10 in wealth each and every day of the 365, yet I am averaging only \$2." If you will glance down any street of any town in the land you will see who gets the \$8 per day that you should receive.

It is really heartrending to see the editors of the Amalgamated and Clark papers as they drag their hind legs along the highway like slaves bearing a heavy burden, with disgust tattooed into every pore of their besoured countenances. Hope gone, intellect scattered, tongues hanging out, that awful look of men whose minds, once the pride of themselves and friends, are seared with the hot irons of suppression. What a pity a profession once so honorable, once so elevated, once so powerful, the field of great personal triumphs, once the voice of the oppressed, where freedom imaged its greatest glory, should slink before the besotted face of capitalism; should cower in the face of danger to the human race. No wonder it sneaks into corridors of darkness to avoid the glare of an outraged people. It is with sadness we witness this degeneracy, but it is with great joy that we see converging upon the seat of government an aroused people who are fast coming to a realization of conditions and propose to raze to the ground the old crumbling temple of Mammon and erect in its stead a structure founded upon equal opportunity for all. And it affords us great pleasure to see, in the van of this army,

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L. WEIGEL, Pres.

CORNER MAIN AND 6TH

a splendid array of the youth of both sexes acting as scouts and out-riders, who lead and encourage and bear the brunt of the fray. These foretellers of emancipation show a wonderful contrast to Dobell, to Keith, Kennedy and Sam Gordon, to the unmentionable Becker of Billings and the like.

The W. A. Clark sheets have heard from their owner, and their editors, Messrs. Dobell and Keith of the Helena Independent and the Butte Miner, have justified as slaves A1. They are now fighting the proposed theft by the democratic party of Socialist principles, not because they would not steal, but because they do not like to steal something that would educate the masses away from their capitalistic control. This is a recognition of the force of Socialism. W. A. Clark and his co-millionaires know that wherever Socialism enters there it stays, that truth will not down and that Socialism is truth. These blood suckers are not such fools.

The Montana Federation of Labor which met in Hamilton did two very excellent things—it re-elected Alex Fairgrieve for president and listened twice to that splendid leader of the masses, Ida Crouch-Hazlett. From both nothing but good can come, and the convention is to be congratulated for its collective good sense. The capitalist press of the state tried hard to make the people believe that Socialism was turned down by the convention, but the question did not arise at any point in the proceedings. They gain nothing by lying, and they cannot tell the truth, so they and their owners are in a bad way.

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